

The proude

wyues water noster that
wolde go gaye. and br-
dyd her husbonde
and went her
waye.



Anno Domini. M. D. L. X.

61
On hye feest daves whan wyues go gaye
To chyrche with grete deuocyon
They praye deuoutly for to saue
They thynkyng is on thys lesson
Or they go forth them selfe to tryn
Both heed and brest on foote and hande
I swere to you by swete saynt sym
The selfe they thynke angels well to vnderstande

They beauteous be haire our & countenance demure
They thynke full pleasaunt for to beholde
But for to go gay ye may be sure
They muse full often and many folde
And how they myght best to passe byng
Eche as gorgous as other to go
In they aparell gyrdell and ryng
And other tryn knackes many mo.

To chyrche they be come this is no lye
Unto they pewe there for to knele
Reuerence doyng to the other by
With countenance meke and becometh the wele
Than syt they downe eche gossyp other by
Beholdyng they aparell of eyther syde
yf the one be gayer than the other that doth espie
Than she thynketh her felowe set all full of pryde

yet to her deuocyon she dothe her set
And Vater noster she doth begyn
But to gay gere her hert doth fret
And thynketh how she may such gay gere wyn

A.ii.

Haue to her selfe what fortune haue I
That my felow so gorgyous is in her gere
And I syte here so poozely her by
But it shalbe amended by god I swere

Qui es in celis, and that within shorte whyle
Or elles my husbande full sore it shal repent
For I can nought gete of him by fete nor wyle
But all shall be myne now that I in hād ecā hent
From him alway whatsoeuer betyde
Tyll I be arayde as other women be
I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde
But only bycause it is a good syght to se

Sanctificetur nomen tuum
Lorde halowed be thy name
yf to such gere I may come
Than shall I bere bothe porte and same
As other women in euery where
Do alwaye where as they do wende
Go fete and freshe and trymme in theyr gere
In the best maner as them doth to pretende

Adueniat regnū tuū, thy kingdom come to vs
After this lyfe whan we hens shall wende
But whyle we be here now swete Iesus
As other woman haue suche grace in me sende
That I may haue lorde my heed into wzap
After the guyse kercheles that be fyne
And theron to sette some lusty trymme cap
With smokes wel wrought soude w sylkē twayne

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¶ Fiat voluntas tua, thy wyll fulfilled be
Lorde god alway as thys tyme dothe requyre
And as my gossep that sytteth here by me
So let me be trynmed nought elles I desyre
Therfoze yf it may be in any wyse
For thou hast power therof to do thy wyll
To make me go gay after the best guyse
For reason it is with ryght good skyll

¶ Sicut in celo et in terra, in heuen as in erthe
It is alway sene, go we neuer so ferre
That women aboue all the beaute bereth
And without gay gere our beaute we marre
Therfoze good lorde let thys be a mended
And gay gere to were that I may haue
Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende
For very pure thought, nought can me saue

¶ Panem nostrum cotidianum
Our dayly brede lorde wyll also do wel
But of dyuers cornes I haue many a come
At home in my barne for to sell
But ther with lorde I dare not mell
For feare of my husbnde that kepeth me so hard
A bussell therof I dare not sell
For yf he wyste the game ware marde

¶ Da nobis hodie, gyue vs thys dare
And specially me my lorde that am heuy at hert
Tyll I haue my wyll lorde a parte I saye
Of my desyre lorde, or elles I must lyue in smarte

With that full maruaylously can she syght
And in a swone halfe gan she fall
Her selfe we beholdynge that wofull wyght
And wondred full sore than here with all

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, now
Mercy good lord and forgyuenes what is thys
I was neuer thys a frayde I make god a bow
Good lord sayd she than what meaneth thys
And her lyttell synger than wronge she fast
Her to reuyue and gaue her swete spyce
So she vp sterte than at the laste
Lyke a tryn gossyp that sayne wolde be nyce

Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris
As we do forgyue lord so let vs be forgyuen
And than to her she dyd saye without mys-
pe had a shode fyt by swete saynt steuen.
Gossyp myn, how is it wyth you now
what is your grefe, now I you pray
yf I can ease you by god anowe
I wyll be redy both nyght and daye

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem
Let vs fall into no temptacyon now
with that, the other reuyued then
Ryght sore dysmayde ye me trow
And to eche other they gan say
why be ye thus sad my gossyp dere
Tell me the cause, now I you praye
For yf it lay in me now I wil amende your chere

63c
E Sed lybera nos a malo, delyuer vs from all yll
Raggis and iaggis this wyfe gan to reherse
yf I may not go gay I shall my selfe spyll
I pray you gossep dere, vnderstand well this verse
My husbonde is harde to me bothe day & nyght
And doth me not regarde but let me go euē thus
Not as other do but as a wretched wyght
But yet it shalbe mēded I hope by swete Iesus

Amen, sayd the other I pray god it be so
For ye haue good ynought this I do know well
Of good marchaundise so mote I the
As any is here in this countre to sell
For his degre but he is a frayde
That he sholde passe his state or loke on ha'wt
Chan behynde your backes it shulde be sayd
yf he fore amys, that it were all your sa'wt

But cōpetenly take the thyrde perry of his gayne
And bye therewith both kytell and go'wne
Chan yet shall ye leaue hym alwayt wayne
So do we most parte throughout the to'we
Or elles we shold neuer haue halfe our gages
That we haue y'wys ye may be sure
But properly thus we fynde the wayes
With ringes and beedes to go full demure

Rybandes of sylke that be full longe and large
With tryangles trynly made poynt deuyse
For some folke it were full grete charge
Therefore all thynge by mesure by myn aduys

But as for you ye may be belde
To do som what more than other maye
yet it wold make your husbondes herte full colde
If he so harde be and wretched as ye saye

That he may not se you go as other do
And haue it so well as he hath in store
I wolde haue my fyne hoose and eke my trym sho
with other knackes many a score
yf I were as you be, I sayth I were
Somwhat holde be solde y he shold not knowe
ye haue to sell so dyuers gere
He can not know all by god I trowe

Yet may I reioyce atway y wys
For my husbonde is glad whan I go trym
He wolde thynke I dyd full sore a mys
yf I wente not fresche by swete saynt sym
He doth reioyce in my gay gere
whan he do se me put it on
And wolde I shulde it often were
For I shall haue newe whan myn is done

O good lorde, happy be ye
That haue so good a husbonde by god in throne
Among a hundreth ye shall not fynde thre
Of all our neyghbours that hath such a one
yf god wolde that myne were as your is
I wolde be as mery as byrde on breere
But hys herte is so set on couetyse y wys
That he can neuer be of good chere

And than causeth me often for to wepe
 whan I thynke on hys unkyndenes so grete
 I can not ete nor drynke nor slepe
 For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete
 But throught your counsaile my goslep dere
 I hoppe the better for to spede
 And for to go gayer another yere
 with myrth and ioye my lyfe to lede

That I may be accepted with euery man
 whiche me beholdeth bothe ferre and nere
 without your helpe no rede I can
 But by your good counsaile amende is my chere
 Thys hole in you my hope I sete
 And without you I am but dede
 Lusty frellde gere how I may gete
 And to go trym in lusty were

Well goslep than do after me
 And ye shall neuer repente ywys
 I swere to you by Mary so fre
 All shalbe well that now we is amys
 beware of one thynge, your tounge go not to large
 And forbere your husbonde whan he is grame
 Speke neuer to hym of such charge
 with euyl mode, for that were thame

yf ye of hym wyll suche thynge haue
 As ye desyre for to go gay
 with lounge countenaunce ye must it craue
 And with fayre wordes to hym say

B.i.

My husbonde dere I you requyre
Take no displeasur with my worde
What soeuer of you I do desyre
But this must be done in bed or at boorde

My louely husbonde my spouse most dere
To you I must nedes talke my mone
As reason requyret ye be my fere
And no body elles but you alone
Thus I must desyre you with all my herte
Take no dyspleasure what euer I saye
For yf ye do, it wyl me smarte
And for thought I shall saye this is no way

Whan he this hereh than he wyl muse
And meruell what your request wyl be
yf he be gentyll he wyl not refuse
No reasonable thyng I hope perde
ye shall than say, ye lacke that or this
And begyn with that thyng & ye haue most nede
I dare say than withouten mys
The sooner of hym than ye shall spede

With small tryfels ye must begyn
Of hym to get gay gere in store
Or elles of hym ye shall nought wynn
And thus may ye dayly encrease more and more
Of gorguous gere grete plence to haue ^{plenty}
And all with his good wyl for that is best
yf ye it so get so god me saue
Than may ye were it with peas and rest

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¶ If he do not geue you than good comfozte
Speke ye no more but than he styll
But streyght to his wares resozte
And therof take ye what ye wyll
yf he play the choke playe ye the same
And let hym not know no more of your mynde
God geue all chozles mekyl shame
That to theyr wyues be unkynde.

¶ If he be gentyll take nough he hym fro
Ly tell noz moch whatfoeuer betyde
For yf ye do it wyll tourne you to wo
Than folke wyll say that it cometh of pryde
Se what debate this folke haue now
And all bycause the wyfe wolde go go
I swere to you by god anowe
ye were better byde styll in your olde aray

¶ Therfore beware be not rathe
To do or saye that shulde hym dysplese
But yf he be churlysh geue hym a dalke
Thoughe euer after it shulde hym dysplese
Amonge his wares spare not at all
For halfe is yours as well as his
Therfore as now counseyl I shall
Geue vnto you by heuyns blyss

¶ To do euerso and be not a frayde
For lese noz loche why chulde ye not
The faute wyll all to hym be layde
Of any one that hereth that

B.ii.

That he so charythe to you is ay
And wyl not be frendly as other be
Grete shame of him than wyl they say
So to be serued well worthy is he

And worse be god withouten fable
yf worse may be by any meane
Consyderynge that he is not vnable
It ought on you for to be sene
Somwhat better for very pure shame
Than it is now by reason and ryght
for he is worthy to haue the blame
yf he wyl be suche a wretched wyght

He can not haue to moch displeasure
That hath a yonge wyfe and wyl not her trym
I wyl the them care and sorow out of measure
And specially them that be lyke vnto hym
Whyrours of myschese we may them call
That kepe theyr wyues so bare and poore
To many one it dothe befall
Thurgh such meanes to make a good wyfe a boze

An boze: ye may it swere by god aboue
They may be wretches that so do
which causeth theyr wyues to chose new loue
Thought it sholde tourne them to great wo
So bplaynus they be in euery where
vnto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde
yf theyr wyues do go, ought trym in theyr gere
They say they do it than for gret pyrd

And all this is but ialousy god wote
That thys doth cause I knowe it well
Hangereth be such husbondes by the throte
Or elles the deuyl carry them away to hel
That talous be eyther erly or late
Upon theyr good wyues that be so meke
God seide the stryfe and euer debate
And a bengeaunce bpon them both day and weke

As for my husbonde I neede not to craue
But fyfles and flauers yf I wyll optayne
ynoughe of them I may soone haue
Thus dare I not speake for feare of payne
For no such thynges but I knowe another
I shall from hym steale both day and nyght
I swere to you by goddes dere mother
His bagges I hope to make full lycht

yf he may not se me than go gay
I thynke not longe to tary here
But pryuele together what I may
And chouse me than another fere
For I can not lyue this in wretchednes
I wyll leue hym bare y now
It is to me great heuynes
To lede this lyfe I make god auowe

With that all seruyce in the chyrch was done
These wyues homewarde dyd take the waye
For fast it drewethan towarde none
And so they departed and adewe gan say

B. iii.

Whan she came h[ome] this fory wyfe
Her husbonde full mery there dyd she fynde
She coulde no longer abyde for her tyle
But nedes vnto hym she must breke her wrynde

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde
She gan him flatter after the newe guyle
And soone her hert she gan vnbrynde
Sayenge to hym that in this wyse
My spouse moost worthy, my husbonde dere
I pray you take it for no grete
What soeuer of you I do desyre
But gyue my herte no w[ith] some relese
As I hope ye wyl, and therto be glad
And say me not nay whatsoeuer befall
And than for ever I must be sad
Thus in your hande is both lay all

My truste is hole in you set
So many wyues in this paryshe be
That go full merrily and trym set
A pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se
And now we thynke ye be well moued
Wherfore the bolder I to you speke
As to myne herte moost best beloued
Or elles a sonder myne herte wolde breke

Desyreng you with mynde and wyl
To gyue me now some goodly gay gere
Some lusty newes my backe to hyl
With gyddelles and rynges for your loue to were

As other women do for theyr husbandes love
So let me do for yours I pray
Than wyll ye bynde me my selfe to moue
Grette good of you alway to save.

I am not able to performe your wyll
In guyng to you that I not have
It is neyther reason nor yet good skyll
Suche thynges of me now for to craue
Ye se your selfe that I do spare
And with symple clothes that I do go
Honesty wolde ye wolde helpe me care
And lyke in parell that we wolde go

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere
And passe not our bowmes in no degre
To put our selfe in great dangere
For your small pleasure it were great pite
How to myghte do such thynges in your mynde
That ye desyre me to do such cost
Ye spende your labour and wynde
And all your wordes be but lost

A lacke good wyfe were thys your wyll
For to go gay aboute your estate
And wolde be glad to fulfyll
All your desyre yf it were not to late
But I am ferre behynde the hande
As now dere wyfe more than I say
An hundred pounce ye shall vnderstande
With in this moneth I must nedes pay

To warde the same wyfe I haue
Twenty pounde in syluer nor golde
which doth make so god me saue
whan I thereon thynke myn herte full colde
Therefore good wyfe take therof no grefe
for I am not able as the tyme requyre
Excepte I wolbe therof be a thefe
And that I thynke ye wyl not desyre

For that were a shame I tell you playne
As well for you as it for me
With shame for my trespass I wode be slayne
And hanged full hye upon a tre
Than men wolde say there hangeth a thefe
which wolde than full sore greue your herte
It is no neede for to ashere
A shamefull name that wolde be cause to smarte

Thus answered he had this good wyfe
That her herte sonke into her hofe
And wery he was ryght sore of her lyfe
But with her busbonde he had no more glofe
Sodeynly he set her handes on her syde
And sayd than captyf god gyue the wo
I tell the playne it is for no pryde
But onely with other wyfes for to go

That was myn intent and nothyng elles
But seynge it wyl no other wyfe be
I shall make the a hode and set it full of belles
which shalbe marked in all this countre

Though every man knew it I set not a flye:
And what I do, now I ne care
Within shorte while thou shalt well spye
That I shall make thy bagges full bare

Which that from the borde thys wyfe gan go
And bad hym beware of her evyll wyll
She sayd for ever she wolde be his fo
And do her best hym for to spyll
Therto she wolde labour bothe day and nyght
With all the helpe that she coude make
And that she coude get with mayne and myght
Another sholde spende it for his sake

The man was wroth here with y wys
And wandred full sore what his wyfe ayled
He toke up hys hande and hym dyd blis
Wenyng to hym that her wyttes had sayled
But it was not so on myschance she was set
The devyll hym selfe coude not her tourne
Though he with slaues her sholde have bet
Which made full sore his hert to mourne

Then was he bewayled all in wo
Ryght pyteously he dyd complayne
Thynkyng alway what hys wyfe myght do
Hym thought for sorow his herte was slayne
Bycause hys wyfe was set on rage
What best was to do he hardly thought
Her furvous anger to a swage
Her mynde he perceyued was set to nought

C.i.

¶ Sayne he wolde her let, this good honest man
And hepe her in goodnes as he had done ere
Alas he sayd no rede I can
Of myne vndoynge I stande in feare
That she wyll me robbe by day and nyght
Than fare well my ioye and my solas
Many a man hath wronge and moch vnright
Thrug they? false wyues, alas, alas

¶ And so am I lyke me doth thynke
For such one is able a man to marre
For thought I can neyther ete nor drynke
So sore is my hert set now in care
Yet wyll I not my selfe caste awaye
Thought she wyll be lewde and also bad
With costly garmentes I wyll not cary
For my destruction to make her glad

¶ I thynke she hath founde some vilaine knaue
That wyll helpe her to cary away my stowe
Yet I truste that god wyll me saue
And preserue me from her daunger for euer more
For a cursed wyfe is worse than a fende
If I me blesse he can me not dere
But this cursed wyfe where euer I wende
Putteth me in doubte and great fere

¶ Wherfore I dare not go out of the doore
Lest she me begyle and go her waye
With some lewde knaue to play the hoire
And me vnto for euer and aye

pet to my curate I wyll hve
And shewe hym of my grese what I do ayle
To knowe yf he remedy
He of my wo oz ought me auayle

In this meane whyle hys wyfe was gone
Unto her gossyp to shewe her grese
The good man founde hym selfe alone
Withouten comforte oz relese
Than streyght to the chyrche he gan hym dresse
Unto the curate which he there founde
All redy reuest goynge to messe
And towarde the aulter he was bounde

This man abode tyll masse was done
For to take counsaile of hys curate dere
Whan he hym met ryght soone anone
He made his mone with heuy chere
After all gretynge to hym thus he sayde
Syr I you requyre of counsaile now
My wyfe doth make me so sore dysmayde
That I am lyke to dye I make god auowe

With shorte conclusyon his mater he tolde
How it began and how it befell
Twene hym and his wyfe þ made his herte colde
But euer the preest bad hym do well
And god sholde helpe hym euer at his mede
yf he dyd trust vnto his grace
Alway the better sholde he spede
And heuen at the last he sholde purchase

Of the wyll be nought and not amende
And thou entende ever well to do
Good grace god shall vnto the sende
Whan she shall lyue in care and wo
Go thy way home and take no thought
But ever take hede what so befall
For such one as doth set her to nought
To vndo a man she careth not at all

This man dyd after the curates rede
And home full soone he dyd hym hald
But whan he came there his herte dyd blede
He spyed that his labour was all in wast
And that his wyfe had ben there before
And spoyled all that she myght cary
Of woite endes and money that he had in store
No legger with him that she wolde bary

Thus was the good man vndone for ever
God gyue all such wyues care
For after that day he saw her neuer
But of his welth she made hym bare
Now Jesu that is heuen kynge
Graunte all good wyues that sayne wolde do well
The ioyes of heuen at theyr endynge
And to be preserued fro the paynes of hell

Such Pater noster some wyues do say
Another were better for theyr soule helth
As here doth felow so wolde ye pray
And than ye wolde ever lyue in welth

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Here after foloweth the golden

Pater noster of deuotion

cybil.

The father of heuen omnipotent
Of nought all this worlde dyd create
In paradys he made Adam a pure innocent
And for his comforte Eve to hym was assacrate
The serpent by fraude made them obdurate
Wherby they loste their mansyon ioye and blyss
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate
Pater noster quies in celis

O blessed lorde of thy grete bonite & goodnesse
That sent thyne owne sonne to be incarnate
The origynall synne of Adam to redresse
By vertue of deth of Chryst immaculate
Which is our brother by proue carterfycate
And thou our father throughout chrystendome
Wherfore let vs merely without debate
Synge, Sanctificetur nomen tuum

Chryst Jesu our kyng and his mother dere
Be in our nede our socour and comforte
Dure soules from synne so preserve clere
That the flame of charyte in vs reposite
To whom that we may resorte
With blyssful armony bothe all and summe
Swete Jesus for vs exhorde
That vnto vs, Adueniat regnum tuum

C. iii.

Infuse vs with grace lord in continuance
In every malady, poverty and tribulacion
Perfite patience to kepe thy perseveraunce
For any wrongfull trouble or vexacion
That we without grudge or exclamacion
Say and pray, fiat voluntas tua
Hygh and low thy myght operacion
So be it, sicut in celo et in terra

Upon thre thursday thy dysciples thou fedde
In fourme of brede wyth thyne owne deite
By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed
Gade them thyne owne body accipite
And eate, which for you betrayed shalbe
A preservatyf agaynst deth moost holysome
Our peticion good lord, da nobis hodie
That same, panem nostrum cotidianum

Whan mortall synne had vs deuoured
And haue forgotten thy holy conuersacion
yet let vs not utterly be confounded
Whom thou demyd by thy byter passion
But walke vs with penaunce by full contrycion
Thou one and thre trinitas sancta
Whan we requyre the by proclamacion
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.

If any creature hath vs offended
And trespasset forgyue we all those
That thep offence may be amended
Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose

That whan to god our passage purpose
That of his mercy habounde þ we may not mys
forgyue vs good lord, sicut et nos
Dimittimus debitoribus nostris

Another petition we aske our father
That we be not overcome by temptation
But we to Chryst our owne broder
Call for ayde and obtayne remission
And of our synnes cleane to haue absolucyon
By meryte of the bryght sterre of Bethелеem
To whom we pray with humble deuocyon
Et ne nos inducas in temptationem

The father, the sonne, and the holy ghoſt
Thre persones vndeuyded, and one in essence
Make in vs trynpte by thy power moost
Thy body, thy soule, thy godhed in presence
So conserue vs here in thy absence
To vse well tyme and obserue tennre
That deedly synne combre not our conscience
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen

¶ Thus.

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